

Recovery by cwebster2

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Summary: When El is drained to dangerous levels, there is one surefire fix. In the lab, it was something she grew to dread. Among friends, just maybe, it's something she could come to enjoy. *Smut
Warning - Don't like, don't read.*

1. Demogorgon

Smut warning: This story contains it. Don't like, don't read.

Age warning: Starts season one.

El was drained, dangerously so, and she knew they were in trouble. The demogorgon was wrecking havoc through the halls of the school, and it would soon find them, hidden away in the darkened classroom. Something was driving it onward, seeking her out specifically, and she knew it wouldn't rest until one of them was dead. She could fight the creature, if only she could keep her eyes open.

There was something she knew would revive her and it wasn't the chocolate pudding Dustin had suggested earlier. The way it was discovered, back in the lab, wasn't something she wanted to think about, but here in the classroom with Dustin, Lucas, and most especially Mike, she thought it sounded better. While the boys watched the door, listening to the sounds of gunfire in distant hallways, El slipped off the table and stood on quaking legs, slipping Hoppers jacket off her shoulders and laying it on the ground.

"Please," she began weakly, catching their attention.

The boys turned and saw her standing there, a pleading look on her exhausted face.

"Please," she said again. "Need you. Inside."

Unsure what she meant, they turned and looked at one another. They watched as she reached down and lifted her pink dress, bringing the front up to the middle of her stomach. With her other hand, she gripped the waistband of the dark blue boxers Mike had loaned her, and began to push them down her pale thighs. They could only stare in disbelief as her soft, smooth pussy came into view, the boxers slipping down her legs and off over her toes.

"Please. Inside," she asked again.

They looked at each other again, scarcely believing the request. She couldn't mean - that - could she?

Growing impatient, El reached out and took Dustin by the hand, pulling him away from the other two. Her shaky fingers worked to undo the snap on his jeans and push them down, along with his white briefs, revealing his cock, already stiffened at the sight of the half-naked girl working to free it. Taking hold of his hand again, she eased herself to the ground and lay on the jacket, buffering against the cold tile below.

Mike and Lucas could only watch in curious amazement, and in Mike's case, a note of jealousy, as El pulled Dustin down to a kneeling position between her legs. Deciding there was no doubt what she wanted, he leaned forward nervously, knowing only the basics what he was about to do. Gripping his cock, he pressed the head to her slit and ran the head up and down the length, slicking the surface with the fluids already leaking from the tip. After a few passes, he felt the opening and pushed forward, gently at first until the tight muscles of her cunt gave way and let him slip inside.

As soon as he was in all the way, the warm, soft walls gripping his shaft, he knew he wouldn't last long. He pulled back, and then pressed in again, eliciting a small smile from El. His body was in heaven and she could see on his face he was already close. That was fine; she didn't need him to last long, she needed him to finish. Two more slow thrusts, and he felt a familiar roiling in his balls.

"El, I'm close," he breathed, quickening his pace.

He pressed again with a few more thrusts, each faster than the last. She could feel the energy building, and all at once, he pushed hard into her and held in place, blasting three shots of cum deep inside. As the orgasm raced through Dustin, El reached out with her mind and gathered it around the energy radiating off him, balling it up and pulling it into her chest. It had the reviving effect she needed, but not nearly enough for all she had expended.

There was no time to be gentle as she pushed him back, his wilting cock sliding out of her with a soft pop. Standing, she stepped over to Lucas and took his hand, pulling him forward as Dustin struggled

back into his pants and sat back against the cabinets that lined the room. El could see the hurt in Mike's eyes that she had, once again, chosen someone else. She needed him most of all, but there was no time to explain. Pulling at Lucas' belt, she worked his jeans down, followed closely by his yellow boxers. His cock stood longer than Dustin's, sleek, dark and smooth.

Time was short and she needed to recharge so she pushed him onto his back and knelt over his waist. Reaching a hand between her legs, she took hold of his stiff cock and aimed the tip at her pussy. With a deep breath, she lowered her hips, impaling herself on his shaft. Bucking her hips forward, she slid his cock in and out of her cunt, still dripping with Dustin's contribution. Lucas was holding out better, but she could see that same panicked, eager look in his eyes signaling he was close. She sped up her thrusts, shortening the movements and drawing him rapidly to the finish. With a grunting moan, Lucas shot off his own load, filling her pussy until it began to seep out around his cock and onto his balls. As before, El took no notice of the mess as she gathered the energy radiating off him, drawing in as much as she dared without hurting him.

She could feel the color coming back into her cheeks and her head was clearing. She could feel the demogorgon drawing near and knew she was running out of time. Standing again, she turned to Mike, suddenly just a little shy. Dustin and Lucas had been easy, a simple trade of energy for orgasmic release, every teenage boy's fantasy. There was something different about Mike. He radiated an energy that felt different, special. She hadn't understood when he fumbled through his invitation to the dance, but she had felt it the moment his lips touched hers. There had never been anything like it before, and she knew she needed to be strong enough to gather as much as possible when they joined together.

"I need you most," she whispered softly.

This brought a smile back to Mike's face. Taking both his hands in hers, she pressed her lips to his and could feel that same energy, even more intense in the moment. Not breaking the kiss, she reached down and undid his jeans, dropping them to the floor. Settling back onto the jacket, she pulled him into her until the head of his cock was nestled against her delicate folds. Looking deep into El's eyes, Mike

pressed forward, his cock sinking deep into her dripping pussy.

"Mike," she breathed as he entered.

He wasn't as long as Lucas, though maybe a little bigger around. In any case, he felt absolutely perfect inside her. He slowly pulled back and then pressed into her, driving as deep as he could before pulling out again. In and out he thrust, looking deep into her eyes as he did so. Leaning down, he pressed his lips firmly to hers, not entirely sure what he was doing but trusting his instincts. Unlike other times, recharging in orgasmic fashion, El felt a pressure building deep inside her core.

"Mike," she breathed again, her breath suddenly quickening, the feeling growing inside her.

"El," Mike moaned back, the feeling indescribable. "El, I'm close."

El could only nod, the feeling growing to a peak. Moments later, she found herself crashing over the edge as her first orgasm ripped through her body. She began to worry as her carefully gathered energy started to radiate away but the feelings racing all throughout left her unable to focus. Moments later, Mike moaned out the beginnings of his own climax, thick shots of cum firing deep in her tight pussy. She could feel his own energy radiating outward, meeting up with hers and multiplying as it mingled in the air around them. Seizing hold of it, El drew the energy in, filling her whole body with life. The force of their combined climax left her feeling full and stronger than she had ever felt before. El pulled herself up, pressing her lips tight to Mike's again, absorbing every ounce of strength she could.

Just then, the demogorgon came crashing through the door, and El knew her time had come. She didn't know just what might happen to her, but she knew she could keep her friends safe, and protect the boy she loved. She loved Mike Wheeler; it wasn't a word she knew yet, but the feeling was rooted deep in her chest all the same.

Reaching out with her mind, she threw the monster hard against the wall, pinning it there as she untangled herself from Mike, still breathless. With a growing rage at the untimely interruption, she

started forward, brimming with energy. She hardly noticed as the combined cum from the three boys mixed with her own juices and ran down her legs as she stalked toward the beast. She knew what she had to do, and she had the strength to do it.

Turning with one last look at the boy who had come to mean everything to her, El whispered a sad farewell.

"Goodbye, Mike"

2. The Gate

El was drained again, and she needed her strength back. It had been a tremendously long day, possibly the longest of her life, and it wasn't done. She had started in the rail-yard, dragging a rusted old freight car along the tracks, showing Kali just what she could do. She had searched in the void for Ray, thrown the man at the gas station, hurled Ray at a wall and nearly strangled him. She had run halfway across Chicago, caught a bus back to Hawkins, wandered across town and out to the Byers, where she had waged war against a pack of demo-dogs. Now, as much as she wanted to crawl into bed and sleep away the next week, she was driving back to the lab where it all began, to close the gate once and for all.

Hopper had explained how the mind-flayer had slowly torn open the portal over the last year, and she knew it was going to take everything she had to pull it shut. Back at the house, when it became clear what she had to do, El had tried to pull Mike aside to restore her the way he had done a year earlier. Hopper had pulled them apart, seemingly intent on keeping them from being alone together, so now she sat in silence in the Blazer trying to figure out what else to do. As they drove, she held tight to Hopper's hand, drawing in what little she could. There was an energy around Hopper too, not as strong as with Mike, different but still powerful.

Holding his hand wasn't cutting it, and El knew what she had to do when they reached the lab. She had learned a little about sex and relationships over the last year, enough to know that Hopper was going to fight her request, but unless he was going to drive her back to Mike, the fate of the world was on him. As they pulled into the parking lot, she kicked off her shoes and shrugged her way out of the heavy wool coat she was wearing.

As Hopper pulled the Blazer to a stop and shut off the engine, El undid her seatbelt and turned to face him.

"Are you ready?" he asked, concern growing for what she was about to encounter inside the lab.

"Not yet," she said, gathering her courage. "You need to help me

first."

"What do you mean? What do you need me to do?" he asked, confused.

In answer, El slid across the truck's center console and settled on his lap. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pressed her lips hesitantly to his. His lips were warm against hers, firm and confused, his beard tickling at her cheeks. As he got over the momentary surprise that overtook him, Hopper pulled back, breaking the kiss.

"El, what the hell are you doing?" he asked, puzzled.

"Need to recharge. Drained." El answered, eager to get on with it.

"What do you mean? How is kissing me going to help you?"

"No time. I need this. Trust me. Or take me back to Mike."

Not waiting for an answer, she pressed her lips back to his, more forceful this time. Hopper lost himself in the moment, their lips moving against each other, parting slightly. His tongue ran lightly over her lip and he felt a small sigh rise in her throat. It didn't help that it had been more than year since he'd been on a date, and it felt good just to be held again - to be needed. Logic and conscience eventually crept back in, and he pulled away again.

"El, I still don't understand." he went on, his objections weakening.

Standing in the tight confines of the Blazer El unbuttoned her jeans, pushing them down past her ankles and stepped out of them. Underneath, she was wearing Mike's old pair of dark blue boxers - her lucky underwear, as she called them - which she had snuck back into the classroom and retrieved before making her way to Mike's house the night she escaped the Upside-Down. These too, she pushed down, revealing the smooth skin hidden within, dusted lightly by faint hairs over the last year.

As she reached to undo Hopper's belt, he grabbed her hands, suddenly concerned about how far it appeared she was taking things. Kissing her was one thing, but now they were rushing toward a line he wasn't sure he could cross.

"Just what is it you need to do?" he asked.

"I need you. Inside." she explained, matter of fact. "Inside me."

"And this will recharge you?" he questioned skeptically. "There's no other way?"

"No." she said, adamantly. "Or take me to Mike."

Hopper's mind raced to rationalize what was happening in the quiet confines of his truck. He didn't have a thing for little girls, especially one he had come to regard like a daughter. She didn't understand everything wrong with what she was asking of him, but maybe he just needed to go along with this. Her special abilities and unique upbringing had required special considerations already and maybe this was another. If it's what she needed, to revive her powers, he could do it just this once, a father helping out his girl. If he took her back to Mike, the boy would enjoy it and think he had a free pass to do it whenever he felt like it.

"Alright," he relented, releasing his grip on her wrists. "If you're sure this is what you need."

A relieved smile crossed El's face as she continued undoing Hopper's belt. She undid the snap on his jeans and lowered the zipper, before pulling them down his legs. Bracing himself against the door and center console, Hopper lifted up to help her remove his pants. She immediately returned to his waist, hooking her fingers into his boxers, and began to lower them as well. She had occasionally seen him just his boxers, moving around the tiny cabin, but she had never considered what was hidden just beneath the thin layer of cotton.

It was big, much larger than Mike had been the year before. Bigger too, than...she didn't want to think about him right now. Hopper was only half-hard, his mind and body still at war with one another. Straddling his legs, El settled onto his lap, her pussy nestling against the heat of his cock, and she kissed him again. Their lips parted, tongues meeting with eager longing this time. She could feel him rapidly stiffening between her legs, an unconscious desire starting to take a hold of him.

El flexed her hips, gentle at first, then again, firmer. Her pussy ground against his cock, sending a thrill of pleasure through her. He was much bigger now, fully erect, and she needed to be ready for him. She could feel herself getting wet, her folds sliding slickly along his length. Hopper, too, could guess at the fact that she needed to prepare a little before this was going to work. Picking up her slender frame and turning her sideways in his lap, Hopper dropped his lips to her neck, eliciting a sigh that deepened into a moan as his fingers found their way between her delicate folds.

Kissing at her neck and working his fingers around her stiffening clit, El began to squirm in Hopper's lap. It wasn't long before she felt a burning pressure growing in her core, begging for sweet release. As badly as she wanted to let it all go, she remembered what had happened with Mike and knew she had to hold it in until the end.

Pulling back from Hopper's hold, El centered herself on his lap again, her knees on either side of his hips.

"El, are you sure this is what you want?" he asked, knowing there was no going back from this.

"Stop talking," she ordered as she reached between her legs and took hold of his cock.

Lining the head up with the entrance to her tight, dripping cunt, El slowly lowered herself down. He was big, and for a moment, she wasn't sure he was going to fit. Slowly, blissfully, she slid her way onto him and he sank deep inside her.

"Jesus, El," he breathed. "God you're tight."

She gave him a small, pleased smile, as she began to raise and lower her hips. She could feel the energy radiating off Hopper with each stroke, filling the air around them. She tried to focus on it, gathering as they went, but the bliss running through her was clouding her mind. She knew she had to focus, or all this was for nothing, but it was just so hard.

Hopper found himself getting lost in the experience, calling into question everything he thought he knew about himself. He loved El,

his little girl, like any father loves his daughter. But now, in the steamy heat of the truck, he found himself feeling something else for her as well. Reaching down, he grasped the hem of her shirt and pulled upward, lifting the cotton top over her head, revealing breasts just beginning to swell. It wouldn't be long before she would have to contain them with a bra, but for the moment, the puffy mounds were laid exposed to the night air, pink nipples firm.

Taking hold of her hips, Hopper lifted El slightly, leaning her back against the steering wheel. Tilting forward, he wrapped his lips around one taut nipple, biting gently as he sucked it.

"Hopper," she moaned, the electric thrill running through her, causing the dripping walls of her pussy to contract.

Reading her pleasure, and feeling his own climax rapidly approaching, Hopper held tight to her hips and began to thrust into her with long, deep strokes. He could hear her breath coming quick and shallow, his own matching pace. El squeezed her eyes shut, never wanting the moment to end, but she could feel the end rushing on strong. Her own energy was seeping out, mingling with Hoppers, growing in intensity as it surrounded them. The lights on the dash, and the headlights outside, began to brighten.

Thrust after thrust, deeper and deeper, Hopper filled her.

"Hopper," she moaned again. "Close. Please. Close."

Lost in his pleasure, Hopper slipped one hand under her ass for support, a cheek held firmly his in his grasp. The free hand, he brought up to her other small, puffy breast, and began to massage it, rolling the nipple firmly between two fingers. He was nearly there, but somehow he knew everything depended on getting her there first.

"Yes, almost," she panted, breath coming short now. "Keep, right there. Hopper. Hopper."

"Daddy," she squealed, spilling over the edge and losing herself in the moment, letting out the name she secretly longed to call him.

She held her breath, bucking her hips hard against him, meeting each

thrust as her orgasm tore through her, all the energy flying out of her and surrounding them.

He was already on the edge, but hearing her secretly confessed desire threw him crashing through the wall.

"El," he breathed, "My sweet El."

Thrusting deep, his grip firm on her ass, Hopper came hard, firing wave after wave of thick sticky cum. Her tiny cunt was soon filled, the excess squeezing out as her own orgasm continued to tighten and release the hold around his cock. His energy surrounded them, mingling with her own, growing and multiplying until air was nearly electric around them.

El collapsed forward onto Hopper's chest and he gathered his arms around her, suddenly remembering just how small she was, held tight against him. Recovering her senses, El began to gather the energy, pulling it deep into her chest, filling herself up. There was so much to gather, she was practically vibrating, and she found herself flexing her hips again, riding his cock with determination, still half-hard inside her.

It took only a minute, her body still riding high, when another orgasm tore through her. This time, instead of letting the energy out, she used the strength of her climax to draw the rest of it deep inside her chest, filling her to the brim with everything she needed to tackle the gate. Laying limply against Hopper's chest, she let a few tears fall; not of sadness but of relief, and of love for the man now holding her so gently.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Any time," Hopper responded softly, kissing the top of her head. Only later would he realize the implication of those words.

Knowing she couldn't put it off forever, El untangled herself from Hoppers arms and began to redress. She was sopping and sticky between her legs, but she found herself liking the feel of it, as she pulled Mike's boxers on again. She wanted to get this over with and get back to the boy who had reached out to her with unending

devotion for the last year.

El stared hard at the building where she had been held prisoner for most of her life. Behind her, Hopper readied several guns, prepared again for the fight to come.

"You okay?" he asked.

In answer, El stepped forward toward the building. She was full of energy and full of love. She was ready.

3. Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving

El was drained again, but this time wasn't like the others. It had been months now since her powers had worked; not since the mall. She'd lost everything that night, and in the weeks that followed - her father, her home, her town, and eventually her friends. She still talked to them all the time, especially Mike, but the distance made everything harder. The Byers were a great family, and she felt nothing but love and acceptance from them, but things still weren't quiet right. Even though she didn't need her powers to get through day-to-day life, there was a comforting feeling knowing they were there. Without them, she just felt empty.

She tried to push these thoughts out of her head, for the moment at least. It was Thanksgiving weekend, and Mike was actually there, in person, sleeping in her house. That thought finally brought a smile back to her face as she dozed in bed. He had arrived Wednesday night, they had a delicious dinner yesterday, and they still had two days together before he had to return to Hawkins.

She turned to look as she heard the door slowly creak open, and was surprised to find Mike quietly slipping in to join her. He was still wearing his plaid pajama pants and an old Star Wars t-shirt, one which she made a mental note to steal from his bag before he left for home.

Slipping under the covers and wrapping his arms around her, he whispered "Good morning."

"Good morning to you, too," she whispered back, planting a long, slow kiss to his lips. "What are you doing here? If Joyce finds you...I don't want her to send you back early."

"It's okay," Mike soothed. "She already left for work about an hour ago, Jonathan too. Will's the only one home and he's still fast asleep."

El relaxed a little and settled deeper into the warm, safe confines of Mike's arms. About a month ago, Joyce had sat her down and finally

given her the birds-and-bees talk, something long overdue, and also started her on birth control. The main reason, as she explained it, was to help keep her periods more regular, but she also told her the practical reason behind it. Joyce had seen Mike and El together, she understood how much they meant to each other, and at some point they would take that next step, so it was better to be prepared. El neglected to mention they had already done it once before, though for less than romantic reasons. At some point, they would have a time just the two of them, romantic and perfect.

The birds-and-bees raced around in El's head and she pulled Mike closer, the kisses growing in intensity. For a moment, things felt like old times, and all was right with the world. Reaching out an arm, El moved to push her door shut the rest of the way and twist the lock. It had been habit for so long, but now it was just an ineffective wave of her arm. She pulled back, ducking her head and fighting the tears that were suddenly rushing to her eyes. As much as she wanted to forget, even for a few minutes, reality kept forcing its way back into her life.

"Hey, El, it's alright," Mike said, bundling her tighter in his arms. "They'll come back. I know they will."

"I know, I just...I don't know...I feel like a part of me is missing. I don't feel whole without them."

"I understand," Mike acknowledged, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "And even if, and its a huge if, for some reason they never come back, that's okay too, El. Your powers were an amazing thing you could do, but they didn't make you who you are. You are the same amazing, beautiful, strong, confident girl I fell in love with, whether you have powers or not."

She looked back up into his eyes, touched at the tender reassurance, and whispered a soft "thank you." Then, after a pause, she added with renewed confusion, "I just don't understand it. I mean, I've been drained before, but they always came back after a while, or with some help. I know I got drained way more this time, but shouldn't they have come back by now?"

Mike thought for a second and an analogy came to mind that could

explain it. "What if your like a car?" he blurted suddenly.

"A car?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at all the unflattering things his comparison could imply.

"Hear me out," he said with a smile. "When a car's battery is drained, like really far, it can be hard to get the engine running. But even with a weak charge, if you can get the engine to turn over a few times and start, it can recharge itself while the engine is running. But, if the charge drops too low, it needs some kind of outside source to jump start things before it can charge on its own."

El thought about it, and reasoned it made as much sense as anything else. She knew what had worked before to gather energy when she was weakened, and she knew Mike would say yes, since the act would potentially help her. And it also felt amazing.

"Mike? Could you recharge me? Jump-Start?" she asked shyly.

"El, I will always help you any way I can," Mike answered, hoping he didn't sound too eager.

With a smile, El pulled Mike into another kiss, already deeper and more passionate than before. Lips parted and tongues entwined. Raising up on their knees, El pulled Mike's t-shirt off over his head, trailing her fingers back down his back and to his waist. Mike followed suit, lifting her own shirt off, revealing breasts unrestrained in her nightwear. He let his own fingers trace down along her chest and found their way to the waistband of her shorts. After meeting her eyes and getting a nod of confirmation, Mike slid the shorts over her hips and down her legs, El laying back to allow them to pull off. Her soft pussy, framed by neatly tended wisps of hair, was laid bare before Mike, a hint of wetness already glistening along her lips. Mike reached down, grasping the edge of his own pants and started to lower them.

"El, have you seen Mike?" Will asked, pushing the door open. He froze, taking in the sight of El laid bare on her bed, and Mike close behind.

"Oh, geez. Sorry. I'm sorry," he said, turning his head and backing out

of the room, pulling the door closed behind him.

As idea coming to her, El called out. "Will, wait. Come back in here."

Pulling a blanket around her body and ignoring Mike's questioning look, she continued as Will reentered the room, eyes averted. "Will, this isn't what it looks like. Mike is helping me with something, and I think you might be able to help, too."

She had felt hints of that same energy around Will before, not like with Mike but still stronger than around other friends. Maybe it was their shared connection with the Upside-Down, maybe it was something else, but in this moment, she thought he might be able to help. Mike looked at El, the familiar jealousy of their first time together quickly rising to his face.

"I know, Mike." El whispered. "Joyce told me about sex. I know what it is really supposed to mean. I want to have love-sex with you - only you. This is different - help-sex - and I think Will can help. Is that okay?"

Mike thought about it and nodded, a smile returning to his face as he ran what she had said over in his mind; she only wants love-sex with him. If this was something to help her recovery, he could put aside those jealous feelings.

"Will, come over here. I need to ask you a favor." El continued.

Will came over and sat on the corner of the bed, unprepared for what they were about to ask. It took a few minutes to explain just what had happened in the school, when El was too drained to go on. El decided it was better to keep what had happened between her and Hopper a year later a secret, though it further confirmed in her mind that there was a chance this would work. It wasn't at all how Will envisioned losing his virginity, though he found he wasn't opposed to it. He had been jealous for a while of the relationship Mike and El shared, and had found himself growing closer to El in the months since they moved. He would never admit as much, but he had masturbated at night, thinking about her, on more than one occasion.

With a slow breath in, Will nodded in agreement. "Okay, I'm in. If it

will help El, I'm in."

After closing and locking the door, just in case anyone came home, Will peeled off his shirt and joined Mike and El on the bed. Laying back, El let the blanket she was holding around her body fall away. Both boys took in her body in all its beautiful glory, and the bulges in the fronts of their pants were quickly obvious.

Wrapping an arm around Mike's neck, El pulled him down, his lips finding their way to hers. Taking hold of his hand, El guided Mike's eager fingers down to her pussy, a thrill running up her spine as he let a finger slip between her folds. Releasing her hold on Mike, El turned her attention to Will, who was watching with wide-eyed astonishment at what was happening.

Pulling Will down, El looked deep in his eyes and asked one more time, "You're sure this is okay?"

Will nodded, and El pulled his lips to hers, soft and hesitant at first, more eager as they became comfortable with each other. She moaned against his mouth as Mike grazed her clit with his thumb.

"Pants." El ordered, breathlessly breaking her kiss with Will. "Pants off."

Both boys stood and obliged, dropping their pants and then, after a moment of hesitation, their boxers. They had changed in front of each other countless times over the years, but this was much different. Mike was bigger than she remembered, though two years had passed, so that made sense. Long and hard, surrounded by a generous patch of hair. Turning to inspect Will, she found him almost as big, though his hair was still thinner and sparse, like her own.

"Mike, you first," El said, spreading her legs and preparing to welcome him in. "Will, come up here."

El had some ideas she had seen once, in a dirty magazine Hopper hadn't hidden as well as he thought. Mike knelt between her legs, rubbing the head of his cock along her pussy a few times, and then pushed forward and slipped into her. El arched her back with a moan, the pleasure of fullness sweeping over her. As Mike began

thrusting in and out of her, El reached over and wrapped a hand gently around Will's cock and began to stroke it. She wasn't really sure what she was doing, more running on instinct, but the look on Will's face told her she was doing it right. Still, she knew she needed a bigger connection. Wrapping a hand around his back, El guided Will closer to her face. Looking up at Will and seeing the eager look in his eyes, she licked her lips and then wrapped them around the head of his cock. After getting comfortable with the feel of him inside her mouth, El began to swirl her tongue around the head and then pushed her lips down, working more of him into her mouth until she nudged the back of her throat. Fighting a gag, she pulled back almost all the way, and then pressed forward again.

Mike looked on in amazement at what was happening. He knew he should be jealous, furious, something, at the sight of his girlfriend giving his best-friend a blow-job, but he knew this was all about helping El. He also decided, it was pretty hot, watching her lips slide smoothly down his shaft, nearly all the way to the base, before pulling back. Mike thrust hard, beginning to pound away at her wet cunt as he reached down and took a nipple between two fingers and gently rolled it. El moaned around Will's cock, pulling him tighter to her face and pressing hard at the back of her throat.

"El, I'm close." Will moaned in warning, unsure if she knew what to expect.

El pulled back again, holding him halfway in and wrapping a hand around the base of his shaft again, stroking it as she ran her tongue up the length of his shaft and around the head. Unable to hold back, Will came hard in El's mouth. The first shot forcefully hit the back of her throat and she swallowed it just in time for the next shot. A third, much smaller, leaked out as she continued to work her lips over the length of his cock, stretching out the moment for him.

Watching the look on Will's face, and the smile on El's as she let Will slip out, Mike felt himself approaching that same ending. Thrusting harder, shaking El with each plunge, Mike spilled over the edge and came hard, splashing her tight pussy with his cream before finally collapsing against her.

Stretching out with her mind, El tried to find the energy she knew

would be radiating off the boys. It was hard to reach, but to her relieved amazement, she found it. Most eluded her grasp, but she pulled a little in, then a little more. It was working, but she needed more.

"Again," she declared, out of breath. "Switch."

Scrambling up by her head, Mike leaned down and pressed a kiss to El's lips, tasting the girl he loved and a salty taste he knew must be Will. True, he was eager for what she had planned, but he also wanted to let her know in some way he was there for her. Meanwhile, between El's parted thighs, Will took his place and found himself at a loss for how to proceed. Deciding there was one way to get a little better look and orient himself, Will leaned in and ran his tongue up the length of her slit, eliciting another moan from El. Driving his tongue deeper, Will found all the important landmarks and eventually landed on her clit, causing her to squirm in pleasure.

Knowing she needed to keep her head focused, El put a hand down and lifted Will's face up. "Need you, inside," she panted.

Will nodded and shifted his body up. Now familiar with the terrain, he sank his cock deep in a single, smooth motion, eliciting another moan. Turning her head back to Mike, El kissed him again, long and deep. Breaking the kiss, El guided Mike up to a kneeling position and pulled him quickly toward her mouth. The energy from their first climax still hung in the air, mingling weakly around her, and she needed more to gather. As she wrapped her mouth slowly around Mike's shaft, tasting what she could only assume was her own juices, she felt a deep pressure rising in her core. For it being his first time, Will apparently knew exactly what he was doing, and if she wasn't careful, she was going to slip over the edge before it was time. His breath was already getting shallow and rapid, a second orgasm fast approaching.

Focusing on Mike, she knew she had to bring him around quickly as well. El sank her lips deep around Mike, letting his cock slide all the way to the back of her throat. Pulling off and then sliding back along the length, she ran her tongue across the tender underside of his shaft, eliciting delicious moans from the boy she loved. He began to thrust to meet her lips, pressing harder with each pass. She gagged a

few times, lost in the feelings swirling throughout her.

"Shit," Mike groaned, reaching the end much quicker than he had intended.

El gagged hard as she held Mike's cock deep, each shot firing down her throat.

"El, I'm sorry," Mike apologized, pulling out so she could catch her breath.

"Stop talking," she instructed, breathless, as she leaned up and grabbed Will's shoulder, pulling him down. "Will, I need you to cum. Now."

All too happy to oblige, Will pounded hard at her dripping pussy and shot his load deep, mingling with the cum Mike had deposited there minutes before. It was all El could do to keep from climaxing herself, but she knew how she had to make this play out a little longer.

As before, she reached out and gathered the energy. It came easier this time, some of her own seeping out to mingle with the growing cloud that surrounded the bed. She needed more, and hoped the boys were up to the task, relying on their youthful enthusiasm to carry them through. Pushing Will aside, El got up on her knees and pushed Mike down onto his back. Straddling his waist, she impaled herself on his cock and began to ride him, running out the length of his shaft before dropping back. She lay across his chest and pressed her mouth hungrily to his. It was a start, but she needed more, frantically searching for options.

"Will, I need you too," she breathed.

Will knelt between Mike and El's legs, but was again unsure what she wanted of him.

"My vagina," she gasped. "Both of you. Tight, but it will fit."

Obligingly, Will pressed the head of his cock to her opening, already filled with Mike's shaft. He didn't see how this was going to work, but he trusted she knew better than he did. He marveled at the tightness as he began to enter her, and El winced at the feeling.

"El, are you sure?" Mike asked.

In answer, she pressed her mouth to his, silencing his objections, as she pressed her hips back against both cocks, urging Will's deeper. The boys began to thrust, and all she could do was lay there and let them go. The feelings were incredible for all three. The tightness of her pussy, the feelings of one cock sliding against the other, the alternating thrusts when one pulled out just as the other entered. She was going to go soon, and it was going to be big. She only hoped it would be enough. Sending her mind out, she could feel the energy pouring off both boys, mingling with the small amount of her own she was letting free. It gathered and multiplied, filling the room and she knew it was time.

El let out a long, deep moan, arching her back against Will, as she came hard. Her cunt flooded with juices, her walls clenching tight against the pair of cocks filling her to capacity. Like falling dominoes, tipped off by El's orgasm, Mike and Will came in rapid succession, their cocks drained but the feelings slamming through them all the same.

El let go a flood of energy into the air, let it mix with that coming from the boys, and began to gather it back in. She reached far and pulled as much as she could, more and more. As their breathing began to slow, she made a final pull, grasping at every last bit. The moan in her throat grew in intensity until it was practically a scream. She pulled it all in, and as her scream reached a fever-pitch, she shattered the bulb in her bedside lamp.

Unable to reach more, El collapsed against Mike, her lips finding his. Will pulled limply out of her, and lay down next to the pair. Turning from Mike, El pressed her lips to Will's, before whispering a grateful "Thank you."

They lay there panting, a tangled, sweaty mass of flesh. El knew she was going to be sore later, but if this had worked, it was all worth it. Sitting up, and ignoring the fluids now running out of her, El focused her attention on the bookshelf across the room. Will and Mike sat up on either side, not saying a word and hoping their attempt had been successful.

El reached out one shaky hand and focused her thoughts on a book sitting on the top shelf. After a moment's hesitation, the book flew across the room and into her hand. She looked down in disbelief, certain it must have been a mistake. Reaching out, she grabbed another book. Then another. She had nearly emptied the shelf of books and nick-knacks, forming a pile in her lap, before she finally stopped. Feeling the long-absent trickle of blood beginning to run from her nose, El burst into tears. Grief at all she had lost fought hard against the relief that this one thing had come back.

Mike gathered El into his arms, and Will wrapped around both of them, and soon all three were sobbing. None could say how long they sat like that before the tears of relief finally died away and they untangled from one another. After a round of tender kisses and heartfelt thanks that she could never fully express, they set about putting El's room back in order. Her sheets would need washing and they all were in desperate need of showers.

"Now we have a new problem," Will said as they carried the bundle of sheets toward the laundry room. "How are we going to explain your powers being back to mom?"

4. The Cabin

Before Starcourt. Before the loss. There was the cabin.

It had been three weeks since El closed the gate, and she was tired; sick and tired. While her powers were there, they were still badly depleted, taking much longer to recover than they ever had before. She thought it made sense, since she had nearly killed herself shutting down the doorway to the Upside-Down, but she was starting to wonder if she would ever be her old self again. That isn't what had her in a foul mood, though. Mike was visiting her out at the cabin, and it should have been a happy day, but like they had several times before, he and Hopper were at each others throats.

They had been arguing for nearly twenty minutes, and she had forgotten how it even got started this time, but they were falling back on the same old lines they always did.

"You can't just keep locked away like this. That's what they did to her in the lab." Mike asserted, standing as tall as he could, trying to meet Hopper's unblinking gaze.

"And if she goes out there too soon, that's right back where they'll throw her." Hopper countered.

She'd listened to this same fight more times than she cared to recall now, though it seemed to be stretching on longer than usual. In a few minutes, Hopper would either toss Mike out for the day, or stomp over to the fridge for a beer and then go to the porch to smoke. She knew they both wanted what was best for her, and they both had valid points. She knew Hopper was probably right, deep down, but she wasn't about to tell either of them that.

Getting up quietly from the couch, she wandered into her room to wait out the storm. Reaching out as she passed, she tried to push the door shut with her mind, but it only moved a few inches before creaking to a stop. Something inside her snapped in that moment, and she stomped back out into the living room.

"Enough," she shouted, instantly silencing the other two. "I can't take

this any more. Every time, you guys are fighting, and I'm sick of it. Fix it, or I'm leaving. I'll go to Aunt Becky, or anywhere else, but I'll go."

With that, she turned and stormed back into her room, dropping onto her bed and reaching out to throw the door shut. Again, the move was almost entirely ineffective and she rolled over, pressing her face to her pillow and let out a long, frustrated scream. Putting aside their argument, and silently agreeing with a look that they would hash it out later, away from the cabin, Mike and Hopper walked quietly into El's room and sat down on either side of her.

"El, I'm sorry," Mike said quietly, laying a hand gently on her back, tracing small circles with his fingertips.

"I'm sorry too, Ellie," Hopper added.

She turned over and looked at them, one after the other, and could see the regret on their faces. If she wasn't so weighed down worrying about her failing powers, she might have been quick to forgive them, but she just couldn't yet. She needed their help - both of their help - and they weren't going to like it.

"I know your sorry," she began, softly, "and there's something you can do to make it up to me."

She paused, letting them ponder what they might be able to do to make things better.

"I need help, from both of you. My powers just aren't recovering on their own, and I'm sick of feeling tired all the time. So if you want to make it up to me, help me get back to normal."

Mike and Hopper stared at each other, neither knowing if the other knew what she was talking about, and neither wanting the other to have any part of it. El could read the expressions on their faces and decided she was going to have to drop a bombshell on both of them.

"Dad, Mike helped me recover last year, before I killed the demogorgon." She turned to look at Mike before continuing. "Mike, Dad helped me recover a few weeks ago before I closed the gate."

The two looked at each other with a new hatred, both jealous and seething that the other had been with her like that.

"Hey," she snapped, drawing both sets of eyes back to her. "You've both been with me. You've both helped me. If you want to make things right, you're going to help me again. Both of you."

"El," Mike stammered. "I...I can't do that in front of him."

"Mike, you were able to do it just fine after Dustin and Lucas," El countered.

"Wait, what?" Hopper said, growing more angry.

"Yes, Dad. Dustin and Lucas helped me, too. Not much, but they helped. Now, are you two going to help me? Or do I need to go find them, instead?"

"Alright, El," Mike relented. "If it's what you need, I can do this. For you."

Stunned, but not about to be shown up by this punk his little girl was inexplicable drawn to, Hopper agreed as well. "If it's really what you need, I guess I can do this one more time. For you."

"Mike, I need you first," she commanded, taking charge of the situation. "Take off your clothes."

Mike looked nervously at Hopper and saw the resigned expression on his face, as though challenging the boy to actually go through with it. Taking a deep breath, Mike turned back to El and pulled his t-shirt off over his head. As he worked to undo his belt, Mike watched as El pulled off the sweatshirt she was wearing, revealing the perfect little mounds of her breasts to him for the first time. In unison, the pair pushed down the jeans they were wearing, leaving them in matching blue boxers. As much as Hopper tried to dissuade her, El still loved wearing the pair of boxers Mike had given her that very first night.

Resigned to the fact this was happening, Hopper debated just how he was supposed to occupy himself. While his gut instinct was to go get a beer while Mike did what she needed him to do, he decided to stay and make it as uncomfortable for Mike as possible. He needed to

make it clear this was a one-time thing, or their whole dynamic was going to have problems. Pulling out the chair from El's desk, Hopper sat down to watch, fighting to hold back his anger as the pair removed each other's underwear, leaving their young bodies exposed.

Pulling Mike into a kiss, El fell backward onto the bed again, bringing her boyfriend down with her. While she knew this was ultimately about her recovery, El found herself oddly titillated by the fact that Hopper was watching them. Her pussy was already moistening in anticipation of Mike, anxious to have him inside her again. He lined up, pressing the head of his cock gently against her folds, and then pushed forward, sinking easily into her tight cunt.

"Mike!" El moaned, arching her back to meet him, already feeling the energy beginning to radiate off him.

Hopper watched in frustration as Mike began to slowly thrust into his little girl, the satisfied bliss apparent on his face as he held his gaze locked on El's. Her face was painted with a similar look, a mix of pleasure and concentration as she let the feelings build and radiate outward, mingling and multiplying so she could revive herself. As Mike continued with increasing rhythm, El felt those first stirrings begin to rise in her stomach, an orgasm beginning to take seed. Mike bent his head to one side, his lips tracing gently down her jawline and along her neck. Finding his way lower, Mike's wrapped his lips around one firm nipple and bit gently, a low moan escaping El's lips as she arched her back, her hips driving up to meet each thrust of Mike's cock.

Her breath started coming shallow, her climax approaching. Mike picked up his pace, his own finish not far behind.

"Again," El breathed, quickly climbing toward a crest.

All too happy to comply, Mike bit down again, a little more pressure this time but still careful not to hurt her. A shiver ran down her spine, causing her back to arch once again. She was so close, so exquisitely close, she could barely keep her eyes on Mike.

"Mike," she moaned. "Right there. Keep...Mike. Mike!" she squealed, her orgasm suddenly crashing over, her eyes rolling back in bliss.

El bucked hard against Mike, arms around his back pulling him in tighter. Mike pounded away, desperately close himself, as El's spasming cunt pulsed against his cock.

"El, I'm there," Mike moaned as he came, firing several shots of hot cum deep within her pussy, her tight walls milking him deliciously.

As their breathing slowed, Mike rolled to one side, not wanting to crush her, pulling her with him and finding her lips with his own. As tongues entwined once more, El sent her mind out and began to pull in all the energy around them. There was considerably more than there had been a year ago, and she knew it had everything to do with how much they had come to mean to each other in that time. She felt another energy, too, full of love but dark, that she realized was radiating off of Hopper. She could tell by the feel, he had both enjoyed and hated what he had just witnessed. Hazing a glance, she looked over and saw Hopper unconsciously palming the stiff bulge in his jeans.

"Dad, are you ready?" El asked, breaking her kiss with Mike and rolling back, his cock sliding out of her with a wet pop.

Not to be outdone by some kid, Hopper stood from where he was sitting and began to remove his shirt. Suddenly remembering there had been an audience, Mike moved to cover himself as he rolled off the bed, but then thought better of it. He wasn't about to let Hopper think he had won any sort of victory by making him uncomfortable. Mike still wasn't thrilled about the Chief being a part of El's recovery, but if it helped her, it was just something he was going to have to live with.

El's eyes widened as Hopper dropped his pants, his cock appearing even bigger than she remembered in the light of day.

"You're sure?" he asked, double checking this was what she wanted.

El bit her lip nervously and nodded. She was desperate for the recovery, but if she was honest, she was also incredibly turned on by the idea of the two people she loved most in the world making her feel so good. Settling between her legs, Hopper took hold of his cock and swiped the head up and down her pussy lips a few times, coating

his cock with her slick juices and Mike's cum. Nestling the head against her tiny vagina, he pressed forward penetrating her in one smooth stroke.

"Mmff," she grunted, her pussy stretched and full around him.

He gave her a quick look, making sure she was alright, and then pulled back. Thrusting deep again, she let out another low moan. Again and again, he sank deep into her, pulling up fresh feelings in her gut. The energy radiating off him was lighter now, no longer angry about what he was witnessing, instead enjoying what he was doing to her. For her part, the feeling was indescribable. She loved Mike, she really did, and being with him felt right. If it came down to it, she would gladly be with only him. But in the moment, with her father stretching her to the limit, El felt ecstasy.

Mike watched with conflicting thoughts racing through his head. He should be furious about what he was seeing. It was illegal, it was wrong, it made him unbelievably jealous. It also happened to be turning him on, and was one of the hottest things he had ever seen.

Calling on some old moves he hadn't used in years, Hopper pulled out of El and told her to turn around and get on her knees. Not sure what he had in mind, El complied, and nearly came when he slid back into her. Holding tight to her hips, Hopper thrust deep again with long, slow strokes, each one eliciting a gasping moan from his little girl. Wrapping his left arm around her, Hopper pulled El up until she was standing on her knees, her back tight against his chest. With his left hand, he began to knead her tiny breasts as his right hand came around her hip and his fingers sought out her sensitive clit. All the while his cock continued its assault on her pussy.

"Right there." she moaned. "Close. Daddy, so close."

The combined feelings running through her, his cock filling her, his hands working all her most sensitive places, El came crashing over again. She came even harder this time, her juices running across his fingers and down her legs, her breath coming in shallow gasps. Her whole body felt like jello but Hopper held her firm, her pussy squeezing and releasing his cock as he drew her orgasm out. It was just beginning to subside when Hopper drove his cock deep one more

time and held it, cumming hard and quickly filling her with his thick semen.

"Oh fuck, El." Hopper groaned.

The feeling of his hot cum filling her sent her over again, another orgasm wracking her body as he held tight to her. She fought hard through the blissful haze and gathered in the energy around them.

This time it was Mike who was radiating a darker energy and she realized there was something more that needed to be done. She loved them both, in very different ways, and she needed them to get along. There was a lot they still had to sort out together, and she couldn't have them at odds all the time. Her powers felt restored, better than ever in fact, but she wasn't ready to tell them just yet. For once, there was no catastrophe she had to prevent and she was enjoying herself; she wanted to see what more might happen. She could also tell there was another kind of recovery they needed, together.

A little jealous and extremely horny, Mike came back over to the bed as El slid herself off Hopper's softening cock. He had an idea, something he'd only heard talked about in the gym locker room, but he wanted to give it a try. If Hopper could give El two orgasms, Mike was absolutely going to make sure she got a second from him as well. Settling between her thighs, Mike stretched out his tongue and ran it along the soft lips of her pussy. El gasped at the unexpected feeling and clamped her thighs around his head. After a moment, she relaxed them again, spreading her legs wide and letting him get in deeper. Taking that as a sign to proceed, Mike set to work running his tongue all over El's dripping pussy. While he expected to be a little put off, Mike didn't even mind the taste of his own cum, combined with Hopper's, slowly draining out into his eager mouth.

El's body was on fire, beginning to thrash as Mike worked her over, managing to hit her just right on each pass. She didn't know what it was he was doing to her, all she knew is she never wanted him to stop. Running on instinct, Mike moved his mouth higher to focus on her engorged clitoris, sliding two fingers deep into her pussy as he did so. Lost in ecstasy once again, El reached down and ran her fingers through Mike's hair, pulling his head in tighter as she could feel another orgasm approaching. Mike continued with his fingers,

curling them upward and stroking her sensitive vaginal walls as his tongue pleased her nub, alternating between slow, lapping strokes and more focused flicks.

"Mike," she cried out as she came spilling over yet again, her juices glazing his face as he continued to lap eagerly at her clit.

The feelings dragged on and on, and her vision started to go dark at the edges as she felt like it would never stop. Slowly, exquisitely, the feeling died away and she pulled Mike up into her arms, gathering the energy radiating off him. She kissed him deeply, tasting the sweet tang of her own cunt on his lips. Hopper sat there on the edge of the bed, impressed at the performance he had just witnessed. It had taken him well into his 20's to figure out the finer points of eating out a pussy, and Mike had nailed it on what he could only assume was his first try.

As Mike rolled off El to one side, Hopper lay down on the other, still feeling the need to be close to her; perhaps a need to be close to both of them, he realized. For better or worse, they had crossed a line they could never go back over. As she continued to kiss Mike, Hopper kissed her neck, his hand finding its way back between her thighs. As wrong as he knew all this was, it still felt so right in the moment. El moaned into Mike's mouth as Hopper's fingers found their way back to her overstimulated clit. She knew immediately it wasn't going to take much to cum again, still riding the high from her last orgasm.

Reaching out to each side, El wrapped her hands around the cocks of the two boys she loved, wanting them to join in her moment of bliss. She could feel the dark jealousy fading away from them as they worked together to pleasure her, Hopper's hand between her legs and Mike's on her chest. El came first, her body bucking hard against Hopper's skilled fingers. Her lips broke away from Mike's, her breath coming in shallow pants. The sights and sounds of her climaxing, combined with the feel of her soft hand on his shaft sent Mike over the edge, his cum squirting out across her stomach in three gooey lines. Hopper came last, and hardest, not only coating El's firm stomach, but spraying Mike as well.

The three of them lay there for a minute, catching their breath, when all of a sudden Mike started laughing. The whole situation was

absurd and nothing he could have imagined in his wildest dreams. He had just had sex with his girlfriend in front of her father, and then watched the man take a turn with her. He had then eaten her out, then her father had cum all over both of them. Coming to similar conclusions, El and Hopper both joined in the laughter as she pulled her boys close on either side. She felt amazing, but she also wanted more.

"I want you both," she admitted, shyly. "Together. I don't know how."

Hopper could see on her face, they had moved beyond helping get her powers back. She was enjoying herself, and every bit of what they were doing. He had an idea, a terrible one at that, but it just might work if she really wanted both of them together.

"I have something we can try," Hopper began. "But you both have to do exactly as I say."

Mike and El looked at each other in surprise, then over at Hopper and nodded.

"Alright. El, lay on your stomach and pull your knees up to your chest. Mike, get back behind her."

He waited while they got into their assigned positions and then went on.

"Okay Mike, you seem to know what to do with your tongue up front, now see what you can do in back."

Mike stared at him, puzzled.

"Lick her asshole," Hopper explained with a sigh. "Get her loosened up. She needs to be good and relaxed and slicked up if your going to get your dick back there."

Mike looked to El for confirmation and she nodded, unaware that had even been an option. Without hesitation, Mike leaned in and tentatively ran the tip of his tongue across her tight, pink rosebud. El pressed back against him with a deep moan, practically cumming right then at the sensation. Alternating between long slow laps and stiff-tongued probing, El quickly relaxed and began to thrash against

his eager mouth.

Satisfied they were off to a good start, Hopper left the room, returning moments later with a tub of vaseline. It wasn't the best choice, but it was all they had at the moment.

"Alright, so far so good," Hopper continued. "Now, get some of this on one finger and start to work it in. Go slow, let her get used to it as you work deeper."

Mike continued, working first one, then a second finger in, slowing sliding the digits in and out of her tight ass until at last, Hopper declared her ready. With his own fingers coated in the slippery gel, Hopper reached out and took hold of Mike's cock, slathering it with lubricant as well. It was another line crossed, and one Mike found himself not opposed to.

"Okay," Hopper said. "Give it a go. Again, nice and slow. Let her get used to it. And El, if you want him to stop, say so. If you want him out completely, just say so. You're in control of this, okay?"

El nodded and then settled her face back down into a pillow, the head of Mike's cock nestled against her tight opening. He pressed gently forward and her opening gave way, nicely prepared by Mike's attentive tongue and fingers. Little by little, one small thrust at a time, Mike made his way in. She had him stop for a moment when he was about halfway in, letting her muscles relax and accept him. Soon enough, he was buried as far as he could go, and Mike began to gently thrust in and out of her.

El felt fantastic, full and tight, and she never wanted the feelings to stop. All the same, after a few minutes of getting used to the sensations, the beginnings of a climax stirring deep inside, Hopper ordered them to stop again and for Mike to slide out. As he did so, Hopper lay down next to El on the bed.

"Alright, if you're sure this is what you want, climb on," Hopper offered.

Already getting lost in the bliss, El scrambled up onto Hopper and sank his cock deep into her pussy in one smooth motion. After

grinding her hips a few times, getting used to the tight feeling in her cunt again, El tilted forward, presenting her ass for Mike to enter. Not needing to be asked twice, Mike slid back into her and began to gently thrust.

"Mmmmmm," El let out a long, deep moan, burying her face in Hopper's chest.

El was on cloud nine and quickly becoming a quivering mess. She felt amazing, practically splitting in half as the boys she loved filled her completely. More than that, the energy around them was finally in harmony. She pulled some in, feeling even more energized than before, but eventually decided to leave the rest so she could focus on the moment. They soon fell into a rhythm, one pulling out just as the other pushed in, leaving her feeling undeniably full, complete and happy. She closed her eyes and let the feelings sweep her away, not caring if the whole world were to just disappear leaving only the three of them.

Mike, too, was lost in thoughts of the moment. The tight grip she had on his cock was amazing, and having cum twice so recently, he was free to enjoy the slow build on the way back up to another climax. He also couldn't help but notice the feel of Hopper's cock, sliding against his own, only a few thin layers of flesh separating them. He wanted so badly to hate the man, for taking part in her recovery, for keeping her locked away and hidden for so long, but Mike found he just couldn't. He could see on Hopper's face just how much he loved El, the girl he'd come to think of like a daughter - present activities excluded. He would do anything to for her, anything to protect her, just as Mike would.

El slowly slid her eyes open, her breathing coming shallow again. She was in heaven and knew she couldn't hold on much longer. Her boys were finally at peace with one another and she hoped it would stay that way. Hopper and Mike were both softly caressing her, their fingertips running gently along her back, and her sides. Mike's hands periodically made their way down to her tiny butt cheeks and gave them a squeeze, kneading the soft flesh. Hoppers mouth found its way to her tiny breasts, toying with her erect nipples, sending a continuous wave of shivers down her spine.

"Kiss me," she asked softly, her eyes meeting Hopper's.

He met her lips without hesitation, the connection gentle and overflowing with love. Turning to face Mike, she repeated her request, her lips met with a similar response. She knew she felt something for Mike far more powerful than words, and the fact that they had turned this corner with Hopper, she thought maybe everything would finally be okay.

Taking a daring chance, she threw out one final request to Mike. "Kiss Hopper."

If she had asked him that an hour ago, Mike would have thought she was crazy. In that moment, however, it somehow made all the sense in the world. Leaning down, Mike pressed his lips to Hopper's, the Chief's beard tickling his cheek as he did so. The kiss was soft and tentative at first, but as though they had reached some silent agreement, Mike pressed his mouth firmer. Slowly their lips parted and tongues sought each other out. Mike slid his hands down from El to grip Hopper's shoulders, pulling himself down tighter. Hopper, in turn, wrapped his hands around Mike's back, pulling their bodies together, sandwiching El tightly between them.

Held so firmly between them, her boys pounding away at her tiny holes, El lost all control, cumming hard and squirting around Hopper's cock. As they continued to thrust, the orgasm raced through her, blurring her vision and making her whole body quake with pleasure. Her pussy milked away at Hopper's cock while her anus spasmed around Mike's. Both of them lost it then, Hopper coating the walls of her cunt with this thick cream. Mike came hard, almost passing out himself as he fired wave after wave of hot cum deep in her ass. El could feel warmth of each shot and came again, practically screaming out Mike's name.

The collapsed together in a sweaty heap, skin hot and sticky as they piled together. Mike and Hopper both slid out of El, the three of them utterly spent. El immediately curled up in Mike's arms, her lips exhaustively finding their way to his. The wrapped each other warmly, their kisses soft and gentle in their post-orgasmic peace. El only needed one thing right now, and he was firmly tangled in her tired grasp.

Sensing he was no longer needed, Hopper stood and walked toward the door, his eyes catching a single, grateful, smile from El before she settled against Mike and closed her eyes. As he stepped out of the room in search of a beer, he heard the door shut firmly behind him, a sure sign her powers were back as they should be. For the moment, he would let them enjoy each others company, but tomorrow they were going to have to establish some ground rules. What happened today was not going to become some regular occurrence. Rule one, from now on her bedroom door needed to stay open at least three inches whenever Mike was in there.

AN: This chapter was a bit of an afterthought, and it is very likely I have added some contradictions to the story set up in Chapter 3, so for that, I apologize. When I first was planning out this story, I had thought this pairing would be how the recovery at StarCourt would take place. When El wound up not having use of her powers in the finale, I had to drop that and opted for Thanksgiving at the Byers instead. However, due to popular interest, I still wanted to find a way to make this grouping work, so I came up with this "Chapter 2.1" bit.